

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF JACK STRAW. 1593

PEELE, GEORGE, 1556-1596





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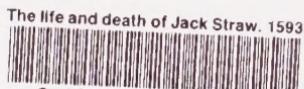
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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

The Life and Death of Jack Straw.

*Date of the first known edition, 1593
(British Museum. C, 34, b. 46.)*

Reproduced in Facsimile, 1911.

The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

The

Life and Death of Jack Straw.

1593

Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of

THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS

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*The original of this facsimile reprint is in the British Museum
(Press-mark, C, 34, b. 46).*

*Another edition, issued in 1604 is in the Bodleian Library at
Oxford.*

*It will be noticed that while the date on the title-page of this, the
earlier edition, is 1593, the colophon is dated 1594.*

*The original (a unique copy) is in very poor condition : of this
facsimile there is nothing special to record, the high average quality of
reproduction being maintained.*

JOHN S. FARMER.

THE
**LIFE AND
Death of Iacke
Straw, A notable Rebell
in England:
Who was kild in Smithfield
by the Lord Maior of
London,**



Printed at London by John Danter, and are to be
folde by V Vilham Barley at his shope in
Gratious-street ouer against
Leaden-Hall,

1593;



THE LIFE AND Death of Iacke Straw.

Actus primus.

Collector.

Now such a murmuring to rise vpon so trifling a thing,
In all my life never saw I before:
And yet I haue beene Officer this seauen yeare and more.
The Tyler and his wife are in a great rage,
Affirming their Daughter to be vnder age.

Iacke Straw.

Art thou the Collector of the Kings taske?

Collector.

I am Tyler why dost thou aske?

Iacke Straw.

Because thou goest beyond the Commission of the King,
We graunt to his Highnes pleasure in every thing:
Thou hast thy taske money for all that be heere,
My Daughter is not fourteene yeares olde, therefore shce
goes cleare.

Collector.

And because thou sayest so, I should beleue thee,

Iacke Straw.

Choose whether thou wilt or no, thou gettest no more of
me.

For I am sure thy Office doth not arme thee with such au-
thoritie.

Thus to abuse the poore people of the Countrie.

A 3

But

The life and death

But chiefeſt of all vilde villaine as thou art,
To play ſo vnmanly and beaſtly a part,
As to ſearch my daughter thus in my preſence.

Collector.

Why base villaine, wilt thou teach me what to do?
Vilt thou preſcribe me mine office, and what belongs
thereto?

Jacke Strawe.

VVhat villaine, doſt ſtrike me? I ſweare by the rood,
As I am Jacke Strawe, thou ſhall buy it with thy blood;
There lie and be well paid for thy paine.

Collector.

O helpe, helpe, the kings officer is ſlaine.

Enter Parſon Ball, Wat Tyler, Nobſ, Tom
Miller the Clowne.

Wat Tyler.

How now Jacke Strawe, doth any body abuse thee?

Jacke Strawe.

Alas Wat, I haue kild the kings officer in ſtriking rafhly.

Tom Miller.

A ſmall matter to recouer a man that is ſlaine,
Blow wind in his tayle, and fetch him againe.

Parſon Ball.

Contenthee, tis no matter, and Jacke Strawe godamericie,
Herein thou haſt done good ſervice to thy country:
VVere all inhumaine ſlaues ſo ſerved as he,
England would be ciuill, and from all ſuch dealings free.

Nobſ.

By gogs bloud my maifters, we will not put vp this ſo quietly,

VVe owe God a death, and we cau but die:
And though the faireſt end of a Rebeli is the gallowes,

Yet

of Iacke Strawē.

Yet if you will be rulde by mee,
VVele so deale of ourselues as wele reuenge this villainy,
Jacke Strawē.

The king God wot knowes not whats done by such poore
men as we,
But wele make him know it, if you will be rulde by me:
Her's Parson Ball an honest Priest, and telles vs that in
charitie,
VVe may sticke together in such quarrels honestly.

Tom Miller.

VVhat is he an honest man? the devill he is, he is the
Parson of the Towne.
You thinke ther's no knauerie hid vnder a black gowne,
Find him in a pulpit but twise in the yeare,
And he find him fortis times in the ale-house tasting
strong beare.

Parson Ball.

Neighbors, neighbors, the weakest know a dayes goes to
the wall,
But marke my words, and follow the counsell of *John Ball*,
England is growne to such a passe of late,
That rich men triunphi to see the poore beg at their gate.
But I am able by good scripture before you to proue,
That God doth not this dealing allow nor loue,
But when *Adams* delued, and *Eus* span,
VVho was then a Gentleman,
Brethren, brethren, it were better to haue this commu-
nitie,
Then to haue this difference in degrees:
The land'ord his rent, the lawyer his fees,
So quickly the poore mans substance is spent,
But merrily with the world it went,
VVhen men eat berries of the hauthorne tree,
And thou helpe me, he helpe thee,

There

of Iacke Stráwe.

Tis more than time that we were gone,
VVele be Lords my Maisters every one?

Tom Miller.

And I my Maisters will make one,
To fight when all our foes be gone,
VVell shall they see before wele lacke,
VVele stiffe the Gallowes til' it cracke.

Iacke Straw.

I hope we shall haue men now,
To aide vs herein *Wat*, how thinkest thou?

Parson Ball.

Tag and rag thou needst not doubt.

Wat Tyler.

But who shall be Captaine of the Rowt.

Parson Ball.

That shalby two for all our Kentish men.

Iacke Straw.

Fellow Captaine welcome lets about it.

Wat Tyler.

Agreed fellow Captaines to London.

Exeunt all but Nobs.

Nobs.

Heres euен worke towards for the Hangman, did you euer
see such a crue,
After so bad a beginning, whars like to insue?
Faith euен the common reward for Rebels, Swangledome
Swangledome, you know as well as I,
But what care they , yee heare them say they owe God a
death, and they can but die:
Tis dishonor for such as they to dye in their bed,
And credit to capē vider the Gallowes all sauē the head:
And yet by my fay the beginning o' this Riot,
May chaunce colt many a mans life before all be at quiet:

B

And

The Life and Death

And I faith Ile be amongst them as forward as the best:
And if ought fall out but wel, I shall shifte amongst the rest,
And being but a boy, may hide me in the throng,
Tyborn stand fast, I feare you will be loden ere it be long.

Exeunt.

*Ester Lord Treasurer, Lord Archbis**op**, and
Secretarie, with others.*

Lord Treasurer.

And yet Lord Arch**bis**op**** your Grace doth know,
That since the laste time of Parliament,
Wherein this taske was graunted to the King,
By generall consent of either house,
To helpe his warres which hee intends to Fraunce,
For wreake and just recouerie of his right,
How slow their payment is in euery place,
That better a King not to cominaund at all,
Than be beholding to vngratefull mindes.

*Arch**bis**op****.*

Lord Treasurer it seemeth strange to mee,
That being wonne with reason and regard,
Of true succeeding Prince, the common sort,
Should be so slacke to giue or gjudge the gift,
That is to be employd for their behoofe,
Hard and vnaturall be the thoughts of theirs,
That sucke the milke, and will not helpe the Vell,
The King himselfe being now but young of age:
If things should fall out otherwise than well,
The blame doth fall vpon the Counsellor,
And if I take my aime not all awrie,
The Multitude a Beast of many heads,
Of misconciuing and misconstruing minds,
Reputes this last benevolence to the King.

Giuon

of Iacke Straw.

Given at high Court of Parliament,
A matter more requirde for priuate good,
Than helpe or benefite of conoun weale,
VVherein how much they wrong the better sort,
My co[n]science beareth witnes in the cause.

Secretarie.

My Lords, because your words not worthies are,
Because they stand on reasons surest ground,
And tend vnto the profit of the King,
VVhose profit is the profit of the Land,
Yet giue me leaue in reuerence of the cause,
To speake my minde touching this question:
VVhen such as wee doo see the peoples harts,
Exprest as farre as time will giue them leaue,
VVith hartines of their beneuolence,
My thinks it were for others happines,
That harts and purses should together goe:
Misdetme not good my Lords of this my speach,
Sith well I wote the Noble and the slau,
And all doo liue but for a Common weale,
VVhich Common weale in other termes, is the Kings.

Messenger.

The Iustices and Sheriffes of Kent , sends greetinges to
your Honour shere by mee.

Archbishop.

My Lords, this briefe doth openly vnfold,
A dangerous taske to vs and all our traines,
VVith spedde let vs impart the newes vnto my Lord the
King,
The fearefull newes that whilst the flame doth but begin,
Sad pollicie may serue to quench the fire:
The Commons nowe are vp in Kent , let vs not suffer this
firſt attempt too farre.

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Treasorer.

My friend what powre haue they assembled in the field.

Messenger.

My Lord a twentie thousand men or there about,

Secretary.

See here the perill that was late foreseen,
Ready to fall on this unhappy Land;

VVhat barbarous mindes for grieuance more than needs,
VVhat naturallie seeks wreake vpon their Lord,
Their true annointed Prince, their lawfull king:

So dare this blind vnshamefast multitude,

Lay violent hands they wot not why nor where:
But be thou still as best becommeth thee,

To stand in quarell with thy naturall Liege,
The Sunne may sometime be eclipsit with Clouds,
But hardlie may the twinkling starres obscure,
Or put him out of whom they borrow light.

Exeunt.

Enter Jacke Straw, Wat Tyler, Hob Carter,
Tom Miller, and Nobs.

Jacke Straw.

I marrie Wat this is another matter, me thinks the worlde
is changed of late,

Who would liue like a beggar, and may be in this estate.

Wat Tyler.

VVee are here fowre Captaines iust, Jacke Straw, Wat
Tyler, Hob Carter, and Tom Miller:

Search me all England and find fower such Captaines, and
by gogs bloud lie be changd.

Nobs.

So you will be neuerthelesse I stand in great doubt.

Hob Carter.

Captaine Straw, and Captaine Tyler, I thinke I haue
brought

of Jacke Straw.

brought a companie of Essex men for my traine,
That will never yeld; but kill or else be slaine.

Tom Miller.

And for a little Captaine I haue the vantage of you all,
For while you are a fighting, I can creepe into a quart pot
I am so small.

Nobs.

But Maisters what aunswere made Syr John Morton at Ro-
chester,
I heard say hee would keepe the Castle still, for the Kings
vse.

Jacke Straw.

So he did til I fetcht him out by force, and I haue his wife
and children pledges, for his speedie returne from the
King, to whom he is gone with our meslage.

Tom Miller.

Let him take heede hee bring a wise aunswere to our wor-
ships, or els his pledges goes to the pot.

Hob Carter.

Captaine Straw, how many men haue we in the field,

Jacke Straw.

Marrie Captaine Carter, about fiftie thousand men,

Hob Carter.

VVhere shall we pitch our tents to lie insafetie,

Jacke Straw.

Marrie Hob vpon Blache-heath beside Greenwich, therē
wele lie,

And if the King will come thither to know our pleasures.
so it is: if not, I know what wele doo.

Wat Tyler.

Gogs bloud Jacke, haue we the eards in our hands?

Let's take it vpon vs while we haue it.

Exeunt.

B 3.

Nobs.

of Iacke Strawē.

Onely to fit a following pollicie:
And it may be the King determines so,
That hee will trie before he trust a foe.

Usher.

True Madam, for your Graces sonne the King,
Is so well ruled by diuers of his Pieres,
As that I thinke the proudest foe hee hath,
Shall find more worke than hee will take in hand,
That seeks the downefall of his Maiestie:
I hope the Councell are too wise for that,
To suffer Rebels in aspiring pride,
That purpose treason to the Prince and state.
In good time, see where my Lord the King,
Doth come accompanied with the Bishoppe and Lord
Treasorer.

King.

I maruale much my Lōrs what rage it is,
That moues my people whom I loue so deare,
Vnder a shew of quarrell good and iust,
To rise against vs thus in mutinies,
VVith threatning force against our state and vs:
But if it bee as we are giuen to know,
By Letters and by credible report,
A little sparke hath kindled all this fire,
VVhich must be quencht with circumspect regard,
Before we feele the violence of the flame:
Meane while, sweete Ladie Mother be content,
And thinke their mallice shall not iniure you,
For wee haue tooles to crop and cut them off,
Ere they presume to touch our Royall seife,
And thus resolute, that you secure shall bee,
VVhat horrid mishaps euer fall to mee.

Enter Messenger.

Health and good hap befall your Maiestie,

Usher.

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Usher.

My Lord htere is a messenger from Kent,
That craues access unto your Maiestie.

King.

Admit him neere, for wee will heare him speake,
Tis hard when twixt the people and the King,
Such termes of threats and parties must be had,
VVould any Gentleman or man of worth,
Be seene in such a cause without offence,
Both to his God, his Countrie, and his Prince,
Except he were inforced thereunto?

Queene.

I cannot thinke so good a Gentleman,
As is that Knight Syr John Morton I meane,
VVould entertaine so base and vild a thought:
Nor can it sinke into my womans head,
That were it not for feare or policie,
So true a bird would file so faire a nest,
But here hee comes, O so my longing minde,
Desires to know the tidings hee doth bring.

Morton.

The Commons of Kent salute your Maiestie,
And I am made their vnhappy messenger:
My Lord, a crue of Rebels are in field,
And they haue made commotions late in Kent,
And drawne your people to a mutinie:
And if your Grace see not to it in time,
Your Land will come to ruine by their meanes,
Yet may your Grace finde remedie in time,
To quallifie their pride that thus presunie.

Bishop.

VVho are the Captaines of this Rebelrowe,
That thus doo rise against their annointed King?
VVhat bee they men of any worth or no?

of Iacke Straw.

If men of worth, I cannot choose but pittie them.

Morton.

No my good Lord, they bee men of no great account,
For they bee none but Tylers, Thatchers, Millers, and
such like.

That in their lives did never come in field,
Before this mutanie did call them forth:
And for securitie of my backe retayne,
Vpon this message which I shewed the King,
They keepe my wife and children for a pledge,
And hold mee out from forth my Castell at Rochester,
And swore me there to come vnto your Maiestie,
And having told you their mindes,
I hope your Grace will pardon mee for all:
In that I am enforced thereto.

King.

How many men haue they assembled in the field?

Morton.

I thinke my Lord about twentie thousand men,
But if your Grace would follow my aduise,
Thus w ould I deale with these Rebellious men,
I w ould finde time to parly with some of them,
And know what in their mindes they doo intend,
For being armed with such treacherous thoughts,
They may performe more than your Grace expects.

King.

VVith speede returne to those vnnaturall men,
And see Syr Iohn you greet them thus from vs,
Tell them that wee our selfe will come to them,
To understand their meaning and their mindes:
And tell them if they haue any euill sustaing,
Our selfe will see sufficient recompence:
Goe good Syr Iohn, and tell them vpon the Thanes,
Our selfe will meete with them,

C

The

The Life and Death

There to conferte concerning their auale,
Doest Sir John and kindly recommend vs to them all.

Morion.

We shall fulfill your graces minde in this,
And thus I take my Conge of your Maiestie,
VVishing your Grace thre Nostors yeates to raigne,
To keepe your Land, and gard your Royall Tthane,

Queen.

Farewell good Knight and as thou darest rememb're them
though they forgot themselves.

Bishop.

Exodus Morion.

Your grace heerein is very well advised,
VVith resolution setting your degree,
Your Grace must shew your selfe to be a King,
And rule like Gods vngerev'ly here on earth,
The looke's of Kings do lead both life and death,
And when a King doth set downe his decree,
His sentence should be irreuecable,
Your grace heerein hath showne your Princely munde,
In that you hant to pray on 'catren flesh,
Such prates befits not Kings to pray vpon,
That may command and coutermand their owne,
I hope my Lord this message so will prove,
That publike hate will cuttie to private loue,
And therfore I say my Lord you haue answered well,
The taske was giv'n yo'r Grace by A Et B parlamente,
And you haue reason to demand your dew.

King.

My Lords I hope we shal not neede to feare,
To meeke those men th' ie thus doe threaten vs;
VVe will my Lords to morrowe meeke with them,
And heare my Lords what tis that they demand,
Mother your Grace shall neede to take no care,

For

The Booke of Iacke Strawes.

For you shal in our Towre of London stay,
Till we returme from Kent to you againe.

My Lord see euery thing prepard for vs:
And Mother thus I leue your Maiestie,
You to the Towre, and I must hense to Kent,

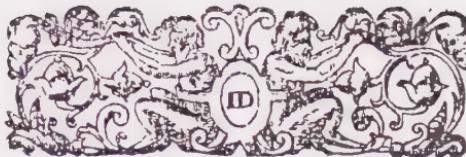
Treasorer.

My Lord if so you please take my advise herein,
That speakes in loue and duty to your grace:
I shall in euerie matter priuledge your Maiestie and all
your Lordly traine,
I meane against your Mannor of Greenwich towne; or
And so amidst the stremes my hoyer safetie
Meane while they send somg few and chosen men,
To give your Grace to understand their mindes,
And thus my Lord I haue aduertised,
To shew your Maestic my minde herein.

Finis Actus Primus.

C

A



Aetus Secundus.

Enter Tom Miller with a Goose.

TIT is good to make prouision, for peraduenture wee shall
lacke vistuals and wee lie in campe on Blacke Heath
long.
And in faith as long as this Goose lastes wele not starue:
And as many good fellowes as will come to the eating of
her, come and welcome.
For in faith I came lightly by her,
And lightly come lightly gone,
We Captaines are Lords within our selues,
And if the world hold out we shalbe Kings shortly.

*Enter Nobs and cut away the Goose while he talketh,
and lene the head behinde him with them &
Morton.*

Tom Miller.

The rest of my fellowe Captaines are gone before to
Grenewich to meeete the King:
That comes to knowe our mindes,
And while they be about it:
Ile make good cheare, with my Goose here,
Whats the Goose flowne away without her head.

Exeunt.

*Enter with the crew Tom Miller, Jacke Straw,
Wat Tyler, and Hob Carter.*

Jacke Straw,

of Iacke Straw.

Jacke Straw.

Heres a sturre more than needs,
What meanes the King thus to abuse vs?
And makes vs runne about his pleasure, and to no end.
He promised vs to meeet vs on the water,
And by Ladie as soone as we came at the water side,
Hee faire and flat turnes his Barge and away hee goes to
London.
Itell thee Wat we will not put vp this abuse.

VVat Tyler.

By gogs blood Captaine Straw, wee will remoue our
campe, and awaicto London roundlie,
And there wele speake with him, or wele know whic wee
shall not.

Jacke Straw.

God amarcie Wat and ere we haue done,
VVewill be Lords euerisone.

Hob Carter.

Gentle Iacke Straw, ivonne line let vs drawe,
And wele not leaue a man of lawe,
Nor a paper worth a hawe,
And make him worse than a dawe,
That shall stand against Iacke Straw.

Morton.

Me thinkes you might doe well to answere the King,
In the name of the who'c companie:
Some dozen or twenty men for the nonce, that may deli-
uer the minds of you all in few words.

Jacke Straw.

Sir John Morton you are an Asse, to tell vs what wee haue
to doe,
Hold your prating you were best.

VVat Tyler.

Itell thee Sir John thou abusest vs

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But lets to London as fast as we cah.

Enter King, ArchBishop, Treasurer, Secretary,
Sir John Newton, and Spencer;

My Lords if all ourmen are come unto the shore,
I geve you no gaine to thid Tidewatne for to do.
These people are not to be talkt withall,
Much lessle with reason to be ordered, i' th' world.
That so v iorderly with shrikes and eties,
Make shew as though they would invade vs all.
I haue not heard nor read of any King i' th' world
So raged of his people entirerly as he is.

Exeunt King and his traine /ane Newton & Spencer.

Spencer.

Sir John what was the cause the King returnd so soone,
And with such hast so quickly rooke the shore?

Sir Newton.

Bargeman the King had reason for the same,
warrant thee he was not ill advised,

Spencer. I haue heard that he did

I thinke he meant to haue rooked vs some talke with that

Not well I held my steare so hard.

Spencer. Not so hard as you will say. Now sonde me no greate storie about it.

Twas thus, the King and all his companie,

Being rowd with Ores so far as Greenwich Tourny's

It was a world to see what Troupes of men,

Like Bees that swarme about the hor'ly hives.

Gan

of Lacke Strawell

Gan strew the grauill ground and sandy plaine,
That fild the Aire with cries and stardfull holfe,
And from the water did an echo rise,
That pearst the yeares of our renowned King,
Affrighting so his heart with strong confeare,
Of some vnhappy grievous stratagie,
That trust me with my dares I heard him say,
He thought they would haue all like Spaniels,
Tane water desprely and borsed him.
So did they all yfare like stantike men,
That time he thought to speed away apace,
And take the best aduantage of the place.

Indeed I could not greatly blame his Maestie,
My selfe was not so starde this sevnty year,
My thought there was sufficient mouthes i thought he did
At highest tide to haue drawen the Thames drye.

Spenes my gret flowre thre at London Bridge, rounde
London I lete will heede of yowre wrongs tolde

Exeunt Ambo.

Enter Lacke Straw, Wat Tyler, Hob Carter, Tom Miller,
John Newell, Mervyn, Southwark, & others.
Lacke straw booz on his boord his broad vel commune armer
and all in oþer's Southwark, and other gauntes
Neighbours you that keepe the gates, let the Kings liege
people in, or we wylle bid faire to aide them with bals of
wild fire or some other devise, for they haue spoyle all
Southwark, let out all the prisoners, broke vp the Mar-
shalsea and the Kings bench, and made great hauocke in
the Burrowe here,

Wat Tyler.

The Life and Death

Wat Tyler.

Porter open the gate, if thou louest thy selfe, or thine own
life, open the gate.

Tom Miller.

You haue a certaine spare Goose camein to bee rosted,
Shee is inough by this,

Exeunt all but Morton.

Morton.

VVhat meanes these wretched miscreants,
To make a spoile of their owne country men:
Vanaturall Rebels what so ere,
By foytaine foes may seeme no whit so strange,
As Englishmen to trouble England thus
VVell may I earnie it infest to the Land,
Like that fowle lawles force and violence,
VVhich Cyneris did offer to his child.
O happy time from all such troubles free,
VVhat now alas is like to be the end of this attempt,
But that so long as they are glutted all with blood, they
bath therein.

Exeunt Morton, Enter Nob's with a Flemming.

Sirra here it is set downe by our Captaines that as many
of you as cannot say bread and cheeze, in good and perfect
English, ye die for it, & that was the cause so many stran-
gers did die in Smithfield.

Let me heare you say bread and cheese,
Brocke and Keyse.

Exeunt both

Finis Actus Secundus.

Enter



AEm Tertius.

[Enter King, Lord Alaior, Sir Ickn Newton, two Servants, with Gard and Gentlemen.]

King.

Sir Newton, & Lord Alaior, this wrong that I am offered,
This open and vnnaturall iniury,
A King to be thus hardly handled,
Of his owne people and no otherfoes,
But such as haue bin brought vp ar.d bred in his own L-
some,
Nourished with his tender care,
To be thus rebbed of Honour and offriends,
Thus daunted with continuall fights and feares,
Haled on tow hat mishap I canot tell:
More heard mishap than had of like bin mine,
Had I not marked bin to be a King.

Lord Alaior.

It shall become your Grace most Gratiuous Lord,
To beare the minde in this affled time,
As other Kings and Lords hath done before,
Armed with sufferance and magnanimitie,
The one to make you resolute for chaunce,
The other so iward in ycur resolution:
The greatest wrang this rowt hath done your Grace,
Amongst a many other wicked paits,
Is in frichtyng cur worthie Lady Mother,
Making towle slaughter of your Noblemen,

D

Burning

The Life and Death

Burning vp Bookes and matters of recordis,
Defacing houses of hostilitie,
Sunt *Jones* in Smithfield, the *Suny* and such like,
And beating downe like wolves, the better sort,
The greatest wrong i my opinionis,
That in Honour doth your person touch,
I meane they call your Maiestie to Parle,
And ouerbeare you with a multitude,
As if you were a vassall not a King:
O wretched mindes of vi'd and barbarous men,
.For whom the heauens haue secret wreake in store:
But my Lord with reuerence and with pardon too,
V Why comes your Grace into Smithfield neare the crev,
Vnawind and garded with so small a traize.

King.

If clemencie may win their raging minds,
To ciuill order, I'le approue it first.
They shall perceave I come in quiet wise,
Accompanied with the Lord Maior here alone,
Besides our Gard that doth attend on vs,

Maior.

May it please your Grace that I shall raise the streets,
To Gard your Maiestie through Smithfield as you walke.

King.

No Lord Maior, twill make them more outragious,
And be a meane to sheda world of bloud:
I more account the bloud of Englishmen than so,
But this is the place I haue appounted them
To heare them speake and haue aduentured,
To come among this fowle vratulie crew:
And loe my Lords, see where the people comes.

Enter

of Jacke Straw.

Enter Jacke Straw, Wat Tyler, Tom Miller, Pats on Ball,
and Job Carter.

Jacke Straw.

My Masters this is the King, come away,
Tis hee that we would speake with all.

King.

Newton, desire that one may speake for all,
To tell the summe of their demaund at full.

Newton,

My Masters you that are the especciall men,
His Majestie requires you all by me,
That one may speake and tell him your demaund,
And gentlie here he lets you know by me,
He is resolu'd to heare him all at large.

King.

I good my friends, I pray you hartely,
Tell vs your mindes as mildly as you can,
And we will answere you so well to all,
As you shall not mislike in anything.

Jacke Straw.

WE come to reuenge your Officers ill demeanor,
And though we haue kild him for his knauerie,
Now we be gotten together, we will haue wealth and
libertie

Cry all,

WEalth and libertie

King.

It is inough, beleue me if you will,
For as I am your true succeding Prince,
I swear by all the Honour of my Crowne,
You shall haue liberty and pardon all,
As God hath giuen it and your lawfull King.

D 2

Wat Tyler

The Life and Death

Wat Tyler.

Ere wele be pincht with pouertie,
To dig our meate and vittels from the ground,
That are as worthie of good maintenance,
As any Gentleman your Grace doth keepe,
VVe will be Kings and Lords within our selues,
And not abide the pride of tyrranie,

King.

I pray thee fellow what countryman art thou?

Wat Tyler.

It skils not much, I am an Englishman.

Ball.

Marrie Sir he is a Kentishman, and hath bin my scholler
ere now.

Major.

Little good manner hath the villaine learnt,
To vsse his Lord and King so barberously.

King.

V Vell people askes you any more,
Than to be free and haue your libertie.

Cry all

V V wealth and libertie.

King.

Then take my word I promise it to you all,
And eke my generall pardon now forth with,
Vnder seale and Letters patents to performe the same.
Let euerie man betake him to his home,
And with what speed our Clarks can make dispatch,
Your pardons and your Letters patents,
Shall be forthwith sent downe in euerieshiere.

Hob Carter.

Marrie I thanke your Grace, Hob Carter and the Essex
men will home againe, and we take your word.

King.

of Iacke Straw.

King.

VVe beleue you all, and thanke you all,
And presently we will comandement give,
That all this busines may be quickly readie.

Exeunt King and his Train.

Iacke Straw.

I tell thee *Wat*, this is not that that I would haue,
I come for more than to be answered thus,
And if the *Essex* men will needes be gone,
Content, let them goe sucke their Mams at home,
I came for spoile and spoile Ile haue.

Wat Tyler.

Doe what thou wilt *Iacke*, I will followthee;

Nobs.

How and if it be to the Gallowes.

Wat Tyler.

Why that is the worst.

Nobs.

And I faith that is sure, but if you will be ruld by me,
Trust not to his pardon for you die euerie Mothers sonne,
But Captaines, goe forward as we haue be gone.

Ball,

My Masters the boy speakes wisely,
I haue red this in Cato, *ad cum silium antiquam vocem*.
Take good counsell while it is giuen,

Iacke Straw.

Content boy we will be ruld by thee.

Exeunt Omnes.

Enter Tom Miller to burne Papers.

Nobs.

VVhy how now Captaine Miller, I perceave you take
no care which way the world goes.

D 3

Tom Miller.

The Life and Death

Tom Miller.

I faith Nobs I haue made a bonfire here of a great many of Bonds and Indentures and Obligations, saith I haue bin amonc'g the ends of the Court, & among the Records, & althat I saw either in the Guild-Hall or in any other place, I haue set fire on them, but where hast thou bin?

Nobs.

I haue bin with our Captaines, Straw and Thier, at Saint Jones in Smithfield, but Sirra: I can tell you newes, Cap-tame Carter is gone home, and all our Essex-men, and I feare we shall all be hanged, therefore looke you to your selfe, for I will locke to my selfe.

Exeunt Nobs.

Tom Miller.

Well if wee shall be hangd it is but a follie to be sorrie,
But goe to it with a good stomacke.
Rydle me a ridle, what's this,
I shall be hangd, I shall not be hangd.

Here he tries it with a staffe.

Enter Ladie Mother and Gentleman Usher.

Queene.

VVhat doth that fellow?

Usher.

It seemeth Madam, he disputeth with himselfe,
VVhether he shall be hangd or no.

Queene.

Alas poore soule, simple irough God wot,
And yet not so simple as a great many of his companie.

Usher.

If it be as we are let to vnderstand, My Lord the King hath giuen them generall pardon.

Queene.

of lacke Stra we.

Quene,

So he hath, & they like honest men are gone homwards,
or at least the most part of them, but worse in mine opinion
on is their haps that tarry longest.

Tom Miller.

But peace here is the Kings Mother, she can do much
with the King, Ile treat her to beg my pardon of the King
wifelie, Ile goe to her, humblie vnto your worshipes, a pore
Captaine Thomas Miller, requesting your favorable be-
quest, touching the permission of deltray, towards the said
Captaine Miller, which in blunt and flat tearmes is no-
minated, *Sursum cordum, alis dictus hangum meum*, from
which place of torment God vs all deliuere, and graunt vs
to be mercfull while wee liue here together: Now Sir, un-
derstanding your worship is the Kings Mother, lamenta-
bly in the behalfe before spoken, to stand betweene mee
and the Gallowes or to beg my pardon, in which you shall
not onely saue a proper hansome tall fellow, and a stout
Captaine, but also you shall purchase the prayers of all the
ale-wives in the towne for saving a mault-worme and a cu-
stomer to helpe away their strong ale.

Quene. What sayest thou?

VVhat meanes the fellow by all this eloquence?

Usher.

It seemes he feares he shall be hangd,
And therefore craves your Graces fauour in his behalfe.

Quene.

Alas pore fellow, he seemeth to be a starker nitiot.
Good fellow if thou wilt goe beg thy pardon of the King,
I will speake for thee.

Tom Miller.

VVill you in faith, and I will give you a tawdrie lace.

Usher.

Madam here comes an vnrule crew lets be gone.

Exeunt.

of Iacke Straw.

Iacke Straw.

Peace here comes the King I trow.

*Enter the King, Maior, and Newton bearing
a sword.*

King.

VVhat companie be those *Newton* we doe see?
Be them of those that promised vs to part?

Newton.

Euen part of those my good and Gratiouse Lord,
That promised your highnes to depart,

King.

VVhy then I see they stand not to their words,
And sure they shoulld not breake it so with me,
That haue so carefull remembred them:
This is a part of great ingratitude,

Maior.

And it like your Maiestie the *Essex* men,
With far more better mindes haue parted companies,
And euerie man be tane him to his home.
The chieffest of these Rebels be of Kent,
Of bale deegree and worse condicions all,
And vword as I am given to vnderstand,
To nothing but to hauecke and to spoile,

King.

Lord Maior, if it be so I wot,
It is a dangerous and vnnaturall resolution,
I pray thee *Newton* goe and speake with them,
Aske them what more it is that they require,

Newton.

My Masters, you that be the chieffest of the rout,



The

The Life and Death

The King intreats you kindly here by me,
To come and speake with him a word or two.

Jacke Straw.

Sirra, if the King would any thinge with vs,
Tell him the way is indifferent to meeete vs.

Newton.

You are too many to be talkt with all,
Besides you owe a dutie to your Prince.

Jacke Straw.

Sirra, give me the sword thou wearest there,
Becomes it thee to be armid in my presence.

Newton.

Sir I weare my weapon for mine owne defence,
And by your leaue will weare it yet awhile.

Jacke Straw.

VVhat wile thou villaine, give me it I say.

King.

Newton give it him if that be all the matter,
Here take it and much good doe it thee. { *The King gives*.

Jacke Straw. { *him the sword.*

Villaine I say, giue me the sword thou bearest vp,
For that's the thing I tell thee I asse &t.

Newton.

This sword belongs vnto my Lord the King,
Tis none of mine, nor shalt thou haue the same:
Proud Rebel wert but thou and I alone,
Thou durst not aske it t'us boldly, at my hands,
For all the wealth this Smithfield doeth contayne.

Jacke Straw.

By him that dide for me, I wil not dine,
Till I haue seene thee hang'd or made away.

King.

Alas Lord Maior, *Newton* is in great danger,
And force cannot preuaile amongst the rowt.

Maior.

of Lache Strawe.

Maior.

Old Rome I can remember I haue read,
VVhen thou didst flourish for vertue, and for armes,
VVhat magnanimitie did abide in thee:
Then *Walwerth* as it may become thee well,
Deserue some honour at thy Princes hand,
And beautifie this dignitie of thine,
VVith some or other Aet of consequence:
Villaine I say whence comes this rage of thine,
How darest thou a dungell bastard borne,
To braue thy Soueraigne and his Nobles thus.
Villaine I doe arrest thee in my Princes name,
Proud Rebel as thou art take that withall; *Here he stabs him.*
Learne thou and all posterite after thee,
VVhat tis a seruile slauke, to braue a King.
Pardon my Gratiouse Lord for this my fact,
Is seruice done to God, and to your selfe,

King.

Lord Maior for thy valiant Aet in this,
And Noble courage in the Kings behalfe,
Thou shalt perceauie vs not to be vngratefull.

Cry all,

Our Captaine is slaine, our Captaine is slaine.

King.

Feare you not people for I am your King,
And I will be your Captaine and your friend.

Newton.

Pleaseth your Grace for to withdrawe your selfe,
These Rebels then will soone be put to foile.

Exeunt all but the Maior and two Sargents.

Maior.

Souldiers take hart to you and follow me,

E 2

The Life and Death

That gives the victoriet
Our Country, Our Country
To strike a terrour to the Rebels hearts,
London wil give you power and armes,
And God will strengthen you and daunt your foes:
Unto the field full of noise and joyfull cries,
And say alowd God save our Noble Prince.

Finis Actus Tertius.



Actus



Aetas Quarta.

Enter King, Lord Maior, Morton, Newton,
and Noble men.

King.

Lord Maior and well beloued friends,
VVhose readines in aide of vs and ours,
Hath giuen just tryall of your loya tie,
And loue you beare to vs and to our land:
Sith by the helpe and mighty hand of God,
These towle vnnaturall broyles are quieted,
And this vnhappie tumult well appeald:
Hauing as law and dutie binds vs too,
Giuen both dew praise and sacrifice of thankes,
Vnto our God from whome this goodnes comes:
Let me now to your counsell recommend,
And to your sad opinions generally,
The end of all these great and high affaires,
This mighty busynesse that we haue in hand
And that I may in briefe vnfold my minde,
My Loide, I woulde not yet, but mercy shoulde,
Against the law in this hard case preuaile:
And as I gaue my word vnto you all,
That if they then had left their mutiny,
Or rather had let fall their wrongfull Armes,
Their pardothen shoulde haue bin generall,
So will I not; yet God forbid I shoulde,
(Though law I know exact it at my hands.)

The Life and Death

Bethold so many of my country men,
All done to death and strangled in one day,
The end is this, that of that careless rout,
That hath so far vnaturallie rebeld,
The chiefe offenders may be punished:
And thus you know my minde, and so my Lords proceed,
I pray you and no otherwise.

Newton.

Sith mercie in a Prince resembleth right,
The gladsome sunne-shine in a winters day,
Plealeth your Grace to pardon me to speake:
When all the hope of life and breathing heele,
Be tane from all this rowt in generall,
If then at instant of the dying howe,
Your Graces Honorable pardon come,
To men halfe dead, kild wholie in conceit,
Then thinke I, it will be more Gratious,
Than if it offered were so hastyly :
VVhen thid of life is almost stet in twaine,
To giue it strength breeds thankes, and wonders too.

Maior.

So many as are tane within the Cittie,
Are fast in hold to know your Graces will,

King.

There is but one or two in al the rowt,
VVhom we would haue to die for this offence,
Especially that by name are noted men:
One is a naughtie and sediticus Priest,

They

of Iacke Straw.

They call him *Ball*, as we are let to know,
A person more notorious than the rest,
But this I doe referte to your dispose,

Newton.

Pleaseth your Grace they haue bin rid apace,
Such speciall iren as we could possibly finde,
And many of the commonrowt among:
And yet suruiues this *Ball* that cursed Priest,
And one *Wat Tiler*, leader of the rest:
VVhose villanies and outragious cruelties,
Haue bin so barbourouly executed:
The one with mallice of his traiterous taunts,
The other with the violence of his hands,
That gentle ruth nor mercie hath no eares,
To heare them speake, much lesse to pardon them.

King.

It is enough, I vnderstand your mindes,
And well I wot in causes such as these,
Kings may be found too full of clemencie:
But who are those that enter in this place.

Newton.

Pleasethir your Grace, these be the men,
VVhom Law hath worthily condemnd to die,
Going to the place of execution:
The fyrmost is th'nt *Ball*, and next to him,
Wat Tyler, oblligate Reb's bot h,
For al che rest are of a better mould,
VVhose minds are softer than the fyrmost twaine:
For being commun soldiers in the campe,
VVere rather led with counsell of the rest,
Desiring better to be pittied.

King.



The Kings Pardon deliuered by Sir John Morton to the Rebels.



Friends and unhappy Countrymen, whom
the lawes of England, haue worthilie con-
demned unto death for your open and vnuati-
onal Rebellion against your lawfull Soue-
raigne and annointed Prince. I am sent unto
you from the Kinges most excellent Majestie to give you to
understand, that notwithstanding this violence which you
haue off red to your selues, in running furiously into the
daunger at the law, as mad and frantickemen vpon an ed-
ged sword: yet notwithstanding I say, that you haue ga-
thered red roos to scourge your owne selues, following desperat-
tie your lewd and misgouernes heade, which haue baled you
on to this wretched and shamefull end whiche is now im-
minent over you all, that must in straggling cordes die like
dogs, and lieth your liues in this miserabile reprochful sort,
because you would not liue like men: But farre unlike your
selues vrlike Englishmen, degenerates from your naturall
obediencie, & nature of your country, that by kinde bringethe
forth none such, or at least by looketh none such, but spites the
ere for bastards and recreants: notwithstanding I say, (this
torment wherein you nowe liue looking euerie houre to
suffer such a shamefull and most detestable death, as doth
commonly belonge to such horrible offenders) yet it hath
pleased the King of his accustomed goodnes to give you

F

your

The Life and Death

your lites, and frelliz talor give you your failes sending
by mee generall Pardon to you all, excepting one onely
accusid and seditious Priest, that so far swarued from the
truth, and his allegianceance to his Prince, and one Wat Tyler,
whose outrage hath bin noted so outragious in al his actions
as for euexample to all Englishmen hereafter, his Maistrie
hath thought good to accoint him & this Parson, (first star-
ters in thys tumult, and vnn naturall rebelling) the greatest
offenders that now lye to greate his Maistrie: and thus I
haue deliuere d the message of the King, which is in effect,
generall pardon to you all, and a sentence of death vnto the
two Archrebels, John Ball, and Wat Tyler: For which great
Grace, if you thinke your selues any tyme bound to his
highnes (as infinitly you are) let it appeare as farre forth
hereafter as you may, either by outward signes of dutie, or
inward loyaltie of harts exprested, and to begin the same,
in signe of your thankesvilles, say all God sauе the King.

Cry all, God sauе the King.

Wat Tyler.

VVell then we know the worst,
He can burchang vs, and that is all,
VVere Jacke Strame a lue againe,
And I in as good possibility as euer I was,
I would lay a surer trumpe,
Ere I would lose so faire a tricke.

Ball.

And what I said in time of our busines I repent not,
And if it were to speake againe,
Euerie word should be a whole sermon,
So much I repent me.

Morton.

Awaie with the Rebels suffer them not to speake,

[His]

of Jacke, Straw.

His words are poysen in the eares of the people,
Away villaine, staine to thy country and thy calling.

Wat Tyler.

VVhy *Morten* are you so lustie with a pox,
I puld you out of Rochester Castell by the powle.

Morton.

And in recompence I will help to set your head on a pole.

Wat Tyler.

Pray you lets be powlde first.

Morton.

Away with the Rebels.

Excunt Rebels.

As gaue your Grace in charge I haue delivered,
Your highnes p'asure amongst the prisoners,
And haue proclaimed your Grace s pardon amongst the all
Sauing onely those two vnnatural Englishmen,
O might I say no English nor men,
That *Ball* and *Tyler* cursed Rebels both,
VVhom I commaunded to be executed:
And in your highnes name haue freed all the rest,
VVhole thankefull harts I finde as full repleat,
VVith signes of ioy and dutie to your Grace,
As those vnnaturall Rebels hateful mouthes
Are full of foule speaches, and vnhonourable.

King.

It is no matter *Morten* let them barke,
I trow they cannot bite when they be dead,
And Lord Maior for your valiant act,
And daungerous attempt in our behalfe,
To free your country and your King fromill:
In our behalfe and in our coit men weale,
VVe will accept it as the deed deerves,
And thanke you for this honourable attempt.

F 2

Maisre.

of Jacke Straw.

Shall growe like graine sowne in a feld of soyle,
And God I praile that with his holy hand,
Hath giuen me hatt to free my Prince and land.

King.

Then sith these daungerous broiles are ouer past,
VVith shedding of so little English blood.
Tis for the fume and houour of a Prince,
VVell to reward the Actors of the same,
So many of thy bretheren as accompanied thee,
In Smithfield heere about this bold attempt,
VVhen time shall serue Ile Knight them as thou art
And so Lord Maser, Newton, Morton and the rest,
Accompany vs to gard v. to the Tower,
VVhere we cle repose and rest our selues all night.

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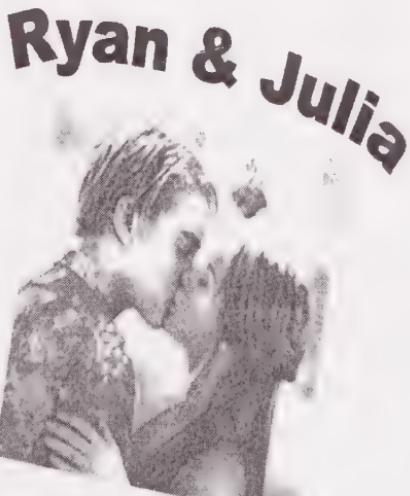
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